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TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS

MARY CARY BLACKBURN



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TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS





ILLUSTRATED BY ADELAIDE BLACKBURN

"O, Great Father, though it rend me, I will go where'er you send me."

Toward the Highlands

BY
MARY CARY BLACKBURN
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BY MARY CARY BLACKBURN*

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Dedicated

Affectionately to my children, who, I trust, may find
in these pages strength in temptation, and comfort in
sorrow; and in memory of my beloved parents, who
have made the publication of this book possible.

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FOREWORD.

INTRODUCING to the public Mary Cary Blackburn, the author of this volume, we take pleasure in saying that she is a direct descendant from the same parent stock as the world-known poet sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Her productions are true to life, strikingly original and close to nature's heart. She has mingled with God's creatures under widely varied conditions, and is equally at home in the crowded city and among the scattered settlers' shacks on the plains of Saskatchewan.

A responsive chord will be touched in the heart of every reader, whether gay of nature and pleasure-loving or reserved and calm. Rich and poor, proud and lowly, will find that this little volume bears a personal message.

THE PUBLISHERS.

TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS

GO FORTH.

NOW fare you forth, my tender one,
My shy, my first-born child,
Forth from the nest that sheltered you,
Where wept we here and smiled;

Forth to the world of crities cold,
Who'll bare your every flaw;
To friends who'll smile for mother's sake—
Her high intent they saw.

So fare you forth, my tender one,
To meet the smile or frown;
And if the worst comes to the worst,
Back to your nest for crown.

BABY'S PRAYER.

MY baby fair knelt by her bed,
And, "Now I lay me," softly said,
"If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

God grant at close of life's last day,
She still so trustfully can say:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

YOUTH'S FLOWERS.

THEY gather flowers, each lad and lass,
 At sunrise of youth's morn;
 Only the flowers, only flowers,
 And strive to leave the thorn.

But, when at noontime the sun beats hot,
 With beads of damp on brow,
 They think with regret of early morn,
 And sigh, for weary now.

But hasten they must, ere night shall come,
 And find their task not done:
 So up and away in heat of day
 Before the set of sun.

The night is come, they con their flowers,
 Find they many a thorn
 They thought to leave in sunny bowers
 At dawn of dewy morn.

THE FATHER'S CARE.

ICHIDE my child for doubting
 The heavenly Father's care;
 Because she fears the shadows
 'Round after her bedtime prayer.

But, after all, what better
 Am I, with fears so beset,
 Who doubt my Lord's wise leading;
 His good promises forget?

CHILDREN'S LAND.

BLESSINGS on the Children's Land,
With its noisy, merry band,
Where the fairies small and trim,
Dance in quiet moonlight dim.
Wonderful toys all about;
Everybody seems to shout,
Everything is bright and fair;
Best of earth is always there,
Trees with ripest fruit are hung;
Better than all seen or sung.
Where the sky is bluest blue;
Glowing rainbow showing through,
Gold in silver pots all round,
At its end is often found.
In Children's Land grass is green;
Nowhere else such ever seen.
Where each face is good and true;
Every joy seems made for you.
Rosy light is over all;
Fairest beams from castles tall.
But a step from Children's Land,
With its noisy, merry band,
Is a land that's sometimes grey—
And the gate shuts tight, they say.
Once within the prosy place,
No way out can find a trace.
I have been in both lands, too,
And I'm sure that it is true.

WHAT IS LIFE?

I FOUND a little child one day,
Playing gleefully by the way;
And, while I paused to stroke her head,
I to the tiny woman said:
"To you who have known naught of strife,
Tell me, little one, what is life?"

Her sparkling eyes upturned to mine,
Seemed to search therein for a sign
Of teasing; but, reassured, she
Then sweetly made reply to me:
(The while her hair shone in the sun
As molten gold), "Life? Life is fun!"

A maiden fair I met one day,
Dreamily strolling by the way;
She paused surprised at my grave word,
Answered with voice blithe as a bird:
(While tenderly stroking her glove),
"And what is life? O, life is love!"

I asked a woman bent above
A cradle bed with face of love,
Watching her child in fitful sleep,
Having no time to rest or weep;
"And what to me, you ask, is life?
Ah! life, I think, is pain and strife."

I saw one with suffering's trace,
Look his last on a loved one's face.
"What is this life, my friend?" I said.
His answer came in tones that bled:
"What do I say life is for me?
This life, stern life, is tragedy!"

Again I found a woman old,
Motherly face of saintly mold;
"And what is life?" she answered me,
"Joy, work, love, duty, tragedy."
Pointing then where life will ne'er cease,
"In heaven life is rest and peace."

HEART OF MINE.

BE still, my Heart, the gale will soon pass o'er,
Though 'twill leave scars, we know, forevermore;
But 'tis not the first that has come our way,
Because of this, we better bear today.

And we know not all todays may be fine,
Have proved this o'er and o'er, O, Heart of mine,
Yet we know that they are not always sad,
From pleasures that we two have sometimes had;

So, my Heart, we will put by repining,
For surely there is a silver lining.
We will believe that there will come some bliss
To recompense us for the pain of this.

MY PRAYER TODAY.

HELP me, dear Lord, to do some deed today;
To help some other soul along the way.
Help me, dear Lord, to smile instead of frown;
To soothe some weary one with grief bowed down.

Help me, dear Lord, to utter words of cheer;
To calm some restless one all filled with fear
Of the crosses past, and those yet to be;
Dear Lord, wilt thou come near, and speak to me.

Help me, dear Lord, to sing one sweet, pure song;
To touch some soul, and keep it from the wrong.
Give me, O Lord, an understanding heart
To find the one alone, who stands apart.

Help me, dear Lord, to cast out sapping grief,
That pampers self, and smothers sweet belief
In that eternal city built above;
Where they have gone before whom I so love.
Help me, dear Lord, to bear the greater cost,
Of friends still here below, but to me lost.

Help me to find joy still in service here,
And recognize the blessings now so near.
Be with me, Lord, and keep me all the way;
But give me Thine own spirit, Lord, today.

A RAINY DAY.

TIS raining now, dear Heart, I know,
But rain will make the flowers blow,
And soon the sky will beam and glow
With smiling sun.

'Tis raining in your heart, I know;
But God in love would have it so;
He knows the pain, the end of woe—
His will be done.

Shade must come to budding flower;
Life needs the chastening shower;
God but shows protecting power—
In hidden sun.

THE BELATED DANDELION.

DEAR little dandelion, nestling there,
Blooming fair in the cool autumn weather,
O, let me caress your sweet, golden head!
We'll drink of the sunshine here together.

Such beautiful sunshine! Is it not, dear?
Almost as warm as the springtime weather;
We will forget that our springtime has flown,
Dear little golden head, here together.

BABY BOY—LOST.

SEARCH, O, search thee far o'er the hills and dales!
Haste thee, O, haste thee, ere the daylight fails!
He wore a red suit all trimmed in black braid,
And a little red cap when he went on parade.
His hair was soft, golden, hung in long curls.
His teeth when he smiled were rows of bright pearls.
Where are the small toys once here on the floor,
Blocks, horses, marbles that numbered a score?
I long for a sight of those battered things;
Love's fondest memory 'round them still clings.
What! can you not find him? Sure you looked well?
O, did you search far? And what's that you tell?
Gone! gone, did you say, and not to return?
It's taken me long the lesson to learn!
Stolen! Yes, stolen! The years are the thieves!
Robbed me of baby, for whom my heart grieves!
Left here a man in his place, slim and tall.
Gone! yes, he's gone—will not answer my call.
Years have my baby whatever the cost,
And heed not my sighs for baby boy lost.



“His hair was soft, golden, hung in long curls.”

TO LAKE MICHIGAN.

MIGHTY power, what secrets hide
Within that massive bosom wide?
Dost not answer? 'Tis better so:
I could not bear such grief to know.
Methinks I see one awful night
A vessel sinking out of sight
By the fierce storm-tossed billows lashed;
And clinging to an upper mast,
A white face in the lightning flashed
For a moment, and all was past
Of happy life that he had led:
Tender words to some loved one said;
Who'd look with joy for his return—
Hope at last would to ashes burn.
One day perchance, some hapless maid
Sought thy cold bosom unafraid
One had found some other for wife—
Without love she could not face life—
She had not learned life's better things
Might sooth at last such venom'd stings.
Another from sin's bitter cup,
Found thy heart and was swallowed up.
Some soul a slave to arch fiend, Drink,
Looked for rest at thy sparkling brink.
Thousands I fear, have found a grave
Beneath that ever changing wave.
But, as this life, thou'rt not all sad;
Many a heart hast thou made glad.
Hast smiled in love on verdant land:

Cooled with thy touch some fevered hand.
Great trees their branches waved to thee
Whose roots were nourished tenderly
By thy sweet waters underground—
Where nature's plans are often found.
Some busy, sand-filled, childish fist
On quiet days thy wavelets kissed,
And twinkling, dancing little feet
Ran to gather the pink shells sweet,
Thy waves had tossed upon the sand,
While breezes soft the brown cheeks fanned.
Rich cargoes safely came to port
From far-off land—thy life did court.
Water-fowl, weary with long flight,
Came down to thee—a welcome sight;
For on thy shining breast afar,
No cruel, hissing bullets are.
Frolicking fishes dart and skim,
Below thy sun-kissed glowing brim.
Fond breezes brush thy surface o'er
Tossing the playful waves ashore
That in a gale of wind dash high,
Lashing the white-cap breakers nigh.
Whether at peace or in a rage
Thou'rt beautiful, from age to age.
Ever locked in thy breast dost keep
Secrets that hide in thy heart's deep.

SISTER EMALINE.

DEAREST of thy sisterhood,
Sacrificial, patient, good,
Meek face 'neath thy white frilled hood,
My Sister Emaline.

Never was there one more rare,
Saintly mien, and quiet air,
Calm, with mind of humble prayer,
Thou Sister Emaline.

Souls pain-racked thy hands God's gift
Gentle hands, so deft and swift,
Shaping couch of snowy drift,
Fair Sister Emaline.

Many weary brows hast smoothed,
To some a friend indeed proved;
Their slow, falt'ring steps approved,
O, Sister Emaline!

Earth's far better for thee here;
Thou hast soothed many a tear,
And hast calmed many a fear,
Sweet Sister Emaline.

When thy patient race is run,
And the battle fought and won,
Thou wilt hear the Lord's: "Well done,"
Christ's Sister Emaline.

BEST IN LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT is the wealth of the world to me,
And posts of honor so grand to see?
Sweet content, the joy in a flower,
Calm trust in God through shine or shower,
Is best through life.

Life's work well done—though under the rod—
A clasping closer the hand of God,
Conscience at rest, a quiet waiting,
Loved ones beyond for me awaiting
At close of life.

FOR THEE.

IF thou wert lagging by the way,
I'd wait for thee, I'd wait for thee.
Thy footsteps stumbling o'er the sands
Of life's rough sea, of life's rough sea:
Or did all men forsake thee, dear,
I'd comfort thee, I'd comfort thee;
I'd soothe thy weary, aching heart,
So tenderly, so tenderly.

If I were in misfortune's vale,
So hard to bear, so hard to bear,
I'd smile so bravely my tears through,
If thou were there, if thou were there
And when old age shall come to thee,
And mark thy brow, and mark thy brow,
I'll love thee still as faithfully,
As I do now, as I do now.

THE FLAG.

ONCE again I see it flying,
While the day is slowly dying,
My country's flag; it waves on high;
With the gentle breeze it floats.

And my fond heart swells with the breeze
As the billows of yonder seas,
While eye beholds it there so nigh,
O'er the dear old flag it gloats.

Stream, stream out, ye fold upon fold,
Tinged with the sunset's red and gold,
As a great eagle soar above,
Fair emblem of Liberty.

May no harm e'er befall those stars,
Bright crimson and purity bars,
They represent my heart's best love,
And my own nativity.

“AND THIS, TOO WILL PASS.”

AND this, too, will pass,”
My dear little lass,
All your sorrow
Will pass, will pass
With tomorrow.

HAPPIER DAYS IN HEAVEN.

NEVER mind, little girl, don't cry, little girl,
If your doll in fragments is broken.
Now don't sigh, little girl, don't cry, little girl,
Though 'twas from some dear friend a token.
Life will give, little girl, some toy, little girl,
And you'll smile at your trial today;
So don't sigh, little girl, don't cry, little girl.
There will be many joys come your way.
Never mind, little girl, don't cry, little girl,
This is worse than your trial at seven;
But don't sigh, little girl, don't cry, little girl,
There are happier days in heaven.

JUNE.

THE June of the year is done,
With its gold and minstrelsy.
The June of the year is done,
Left only a memory.

The June of a life is done,
With its lilting song and glee;
The June of a life is done—
All left's but a memory.

But June of heaven will come,
With its rest and joy and life—
O, June of heaven will come
At the close of earthly strife!

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

WE bear the cross today, dear,
Tomorrow 'twill be lifted.
The clouds are thick today, dear,
Tomorrow they'll be rifted.

We moan and sigh today, dear,
Tomorrow comes the singing.
The sorrow's keen today, dear,
Tomorrow joy-bells ringing.

This life is but today, dear,
Eternity's tomorrow:
We bear the cross today, dear,
We'll rest in sweet tomorrow.

SONNET—IN MEMORY OF GLENN.

ROSES his cheeks, in ringlets flowed his hair;
Broad brow as fair and chaste as lily bloom,
Bright, brownest eyes wherein lurked not a care,
No dark, foul thought within his heart found room;
Alas! that such an one should meet dread doom!
Not fall in sin, but death, so cruel, cold,
To leave her who loved him in blackest gloom—
Loved him beyond all—to lie 'neath the mold.
Father, ease the load that on her heart rolled.
Let her know the joy of his Paradise;
To hear the bells on high, not those that tolled;
Feel the privilege of her sacrifice.
Stricken mother, look up to mansions fair:
Thou, too, shalt soon walk with thy loved one there.

JOY AND SORROW.

DO not think you've all the trouble;
Another has his share:
Each heart knoweth its bitterness—
Sorrow we all must bear.

Into every life some rain comes;
Some storm-cloud sweeps it low;
Because our heavenly Father
In wisdom wills it so.

It teaches us to be patient,
Refines us, purges dross:
It makes us think of eternal
Things and turn to the cross.

But God sends us not all sorrow,
Our joys we oft forget
In thinking much of our heartaches,
And fears that they beget.

We need both the joy and sorrow,
Smooth sailing, and some strife,
To make of us our best below;
Prepare for higher life.

THE WORLD WANTS SUNNY PEOPLE.

THE world wants sunny people;
The people who can smile;
Not the gloomy, frowning ones;
Nor ones who live for style.

Just every-day, kind people,
With sympathy for all,
The hearty, just and true ones,
Who aid the ones that fall.

The world wants sunny people;
Not those who fret and pout.
The world wants working people—
Don't be a lazy lout.

The world needs sunny people;
Many are gruff, unkind,
Who think of their possessions—
Don't be, my child, that kind.

THE FLAX.

WEAVING waves of ocean blue,
Where the green light filters through,
Naught of use or beauty lacks:
Gently swaying, blue-flamed flax.

Lightly touched by cruel frost,
Ere the lovely bloom is lost,
It is blighted as a youth
Who forsakes the path of truth.

BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

THREE'S a memory of girlhood
That is to me the best,
When I'm tired and discouraged
It gives me most of rest;
To remember nights in summer—
Without a thought that mars—
When the cows came from the meadow
And I put down the bars.

'Neath our feet a mossy carpet
Beside a tinkling stream.
The fireflies in countless numbers
Making their lanterns gleam.
Over head the fleecy heavens
Studded grandly with stars:
I, a happy, singing maiden,
Letting down meadow bars.

There no thought of care intruded,
Nor fears, nor longings vain,
Gentle cows in rhythmic motion
To the milking-yard came,
And as quietly I followed
Behind the lagging pairs,
Just a lightsome, gladsome maiden,
To lower meadow bars.

I GOTTA GOTTA SCHOOL.

I 'D like ta be a soldier,
An' fight with might an' main;
I'd love ta be a cowboy,
An' storm the western plain.

I'd like ta be the captain
Of some great fishin' smack;
I'd show 'em how ta run it;
How with the wind ta tack.

I'd like ta be president,
An' veto bills, I would!
I'd like ta be like Rob Roy,
Or even Robin Hood.

I want ta do lots o' things,
With aeroplanes an' sich;
I'd like ta run an auto,
An' flop it in a ditch.

But what's the use o' talkin'?
Might as well be a fool;
I can't do none o' them things,
I gotta gotta school.

THE THINGS WE MISS.

IF only things had been diff'rent,
Or we had done this or that;
We think some things we are missing
Would have been ours but for that.

Yet we know there's a wise Pilot
Steering our bark on this trip;
He knows the things we are needing
Will ne'er let one of them slip.

Sometimes we think we are guiding,
And try to steer for some port;
To feast on some luscious object;
Enjoy some forbidden sport.

Then our Pilot causes raging
Of the erstwhile peaceful sea,
And he says, "Earth One, art ready
To trust the guiding to me?"

So, humbled, we gladly yield him
The rudder of our frail life;
He knoweth the rocks and shallows
With which the whole sea is rife.

"Dearest child," the Master's saying,
As glides our vessel along
"What seemeth thou to be missing
Is helping thy journey on."

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

EACH day we turn a fresh, white page
In the book of life o'er;
And close the page of yesterday,
To open nevermore.

We long again to see the face
Of the departed one,
So dear, so fair it seems to us,
After its sands are run.

Only today, may we write lines
Of noble deed or thought;
Yesterday's page we may not change
With love or trial fraught.

We touch each page with reverence,
Or may, if will we so,
Making each as it passes by,
More beautiful to grow.

BABY MARIE.

GONE to heaven—the little dear;
Shed not for her sorrowing tear;
Happier far than were she here—
Sweet baby Marie.

She left so soon this world of care;
Tiny blossom so pure and fair,
Has learned to smile for angels there—
(3) While waiting for thee.

REMEMBRANCE.

DEAR sisters and brothers, now older grown,
Do you think of the old home still,
Where we all gathered round the hearth's warm glow
Beyond the winter's snowy sill?

Do you think of the times we came from school
In the summer's dust and the heat,
With the golden sand deep below the hill,
On our pattering little feet?

Do you think of times we played by the way,
Until warned by the fading light
That 'twas time to hasten our homeward way
Ere the further approach of night?

Do you know the faces awaiting there
That would smile from the open door?
They have long since gone to another 'ome;
Will smile to us here nevermore.

Our journey of life is nearing its close;
Perhaps nearer than now we think;
At river of Death when all seemeth dark
May they smile to us at the brink.

FOLLY.

WHEN first she sets the pace,
Miss Folly seemeth fair;
But at the finished race,
She's changed to Dame Despair.

WHY DOES NATURE SMILE?

HOW can all nature smiling be?
Why do flowers bloom o'er the lea?
What makes the bird sing in the tree
When I am sad?
Are all conspired to mocking me
With faces glad?

Think not all earth will droop, my heart,
Because that you may bleed or smart.
Nature and friends act out their part
In changing scene.
Another heart will find a dart
Full soon, I ween.

BACK HOME.

THE apple trees are in the bloom,
The birds are singing merrily,
The busy bees buzz low, and croon;
And the frogs are croaking gaily—
O, everything is bright and fair!
The springtime scents are in the air—
Back home.

I wish I might be there today,
Enjoy the glorious concert!
To hear Bob White pipe in the hay;
See Jenny Wren with head alert,
Building her nest under the eaves;
The swelling buds and trembling leaves—
Back home.

“JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY,
TODAY AND FOREVER.”

JESUS CHRIST, the same today,
Yesterday, and forever,
Thou leavest thy child who loves
Thee and truly serves, never.

Our friends forsake and forget
Us; here all things change and fade;
But naught can harm thy faithful
Child whose hope on thee is stayed.

“HE CARETH FOR YOU.”

HE careth for you, fret not;
Though hard here may be your lot,
And the way be long,
And those who will wrong;
Your home be an humble cot.

He careth for you, fear naught;
Though by friends no longer sought.
The Lord's love is true,
He careth for you,
Have faith and trust him, fear naught.

There's nothing to fear, fear naught;
The respect of God's not bought.
He is on your side;
What can stem that tide?
God careth for you, fear naught.

FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

'T IS five and twenty years ago,
Since you and I, dear Kate,
Schoolgirls, were tripping arm in arm,
Regardless of our fate—
The future held no shadows grim;
The present roseate.

Light-hearted, happy schoolgirls, we,
Surrounded by our mates;
Our great love for one another
From that time clearly dates.

"Twas love as true as David's and
Jonathan's told of old;
It has stood the test of absence,
All things that make love cold.

Some who then were daily comrades,
Have sailed far o'er the sea;
Others answered final roll call
Awaiting you and me.

Friends we loved in those dear days, Kate,
Separate paths have gone;
Some of them chosen the right way,
And others chosen wrong.

When dismissal bell shall ring, Kate,
Life's vacation begun,
I hope it will find us all, Kate,
With tasks correctly done.

THE CROSS.

THE suffering Savior prayed alone;
E'en the disciples who loved him best,
Heeded not his agony and slept,
While he struggled, and could find no rest.

The sins of all the world laid on him;
Forsaken, reviled and scorned by men,
Who brought gifts and smiles and flattery
To him, the king at fair Bethlehem.

Now all forgotten the good he wrought:
Those treacherous tongues so full of dross;
He gave to the world eternal life;
It gave the Savior the shameful cross.

THE FROZEN NORTH.

THE wide expanse of the frozen plains
Stretches far as eye can see;
Only the ones who are stern pioneers,
Can know its great misery.

'Tis beautiful, cruel, and death lurks
There; for many have been lost
Who left warm homes and have wandered out;
Its treacherous pathway crossed.

But man is come to subdue the land;
From all other lands gone forth—
They've come from each country, clime and creed,
To harness the frozen North.

ARE YOU READY?

THERE'S a journey you will take—
Are you ready?

And the days are passing by
Sure and steady.

Have your joys while life shall last,
Pure and simple;

Tender flowers, soft showers,
Baby's dimple;

But neglect not to prepare
For your flitting.

Give to God your best in life;
'Tis most fitting.

Your reward not only here,
But in heaven.

Do the good that comes to hand;
Love for leaven.

There's a journey you must take;
So be ready;

For the days are passing by
Sure and steady.

LOVE CLINGS.

AS perfume still clings to the heart of the rose,
After 'tis torn from its stem and trampled,
So true love will cling to a sad, broken heart,
Long after it, too, is torn and trampled.

WHEN LOVE CAME.

SHE had the pink and white of flowers in her cheek
When one came riding down the lane her love to seek.
Brown and gold of autumn leaves in her hair and eyes.
We never knew her then to weep nor utter sighs.
Tender note of a birdling's throat was in her voice.
She was kind and true and she trusted all from choice.
But when one had ridden away and ne'er returned,
(He had won her love in heartlessness, then it spurned),
She had drooped and died—the maiden fair—and a sad
Woman was born. Ah, how all miss the maiden glad!

THE OLD STONE SCHOOLHOUSE.

THE old stone house stands by the road
Where oft I felt the keenest goad,
Of learning. I remember too,
The merry lass with eyes of blue,
May, Eliazbeth, Mabel, Sue,
Clara, Hattie, serious Lou.
Some teasing lads attended there:
Some of them now wear brows of care.
Our masters too, with solemn mien,
Above child-faces intervene.
I hear once more the stern rebuke
Admonishing tittering Luke;
And Sally's curls droop in disgrace.
The cause? Inadvertent grimace.
'Twas spied by him who ruled with might,
And all sly tricks was sure to sight.
Another comrade teacher, kind,
Brushes all others out of mind.



*“But old stone school house, district one,
Still stands bathed in the self same sun.”*

I think of his sweet, patient look;
He touched with love each waiting book;
He taught us to be brave and true,
Hoped we would be our whole lives through.
If living, dead, I do not know;
But he sowed good seed in that row
Of bobbing heads and heads of tow,
And shuffling feet, some out at toe.

How grand we felt one Friday's close,
Formed in two long opposing rows,
Spelling the words so hard and fast,
Each striving there to stand up last.
I feel once more the swell of pride,
The shy reserve, when none beside
Were left to spell the words that came
From the boy's book with scrawling name
On soiled front page. *Apocalypse*:
O'er which at last my faint tongue trips.
The smile of reward teacher gave,
The smirk and nudge of careless Dave.

Those rellicking games of Old Witch!
Some of us that rolled in the ditch
For lack of strength, in envy looked
On mates who from us nothing brooked.
Button, button, and colors, too;
Many others the children knew.

The walks to school with book and slate:
Hurrying feet ere they be late.
The nook and hollow homeward bound,
A bed of leaves that strewed the ground;

To be scuffed 'round by dancing feet:
Rustling sound making music sweet,
By the plum trees a mossy seat,
Races to show the one most fleet.

How many years from now to then?
Those children women, greying men.
Some are dead and gone to reward,
That played with me in that schoolyard.
But old Stone Schoolhouse, district one,
Still stands bathed by the selfsame sun.
The flagstaff with its flag unfurled,
Points upward to a better world.

FALLING SNOW.

SOFTLY the snow is falling,
Covering the earth with white,
Beautiful, fleecy mantle
Hiding the wrong and the right.

It falls on saint and sinner
Alike, in a soothing way,
As if to cover heartaches
That have come to men today.

And looking from my window
Tonight at the falling snow
It seems God's benediction
Coming down to us below.

THE PRAIRIE.

THE vast Canadian prairie stretches before me,
As a scroll. Grasses wave and toss in breeze unceasing.

Birds fly hither, thither, and at last dart to the ground,
And cattle graze in contentment placid. The sun bathes
The broad landscape, and coaxes from the ground the
crocus.

Far, far in the distance the mountains are lifting faint
Heads in the dim horizon—the guards of centuries.
This great sweep of prairie is symbolical to me
Of God's great love for all peoples, countries and nations.

NO NIGHT THERE.

HERE is no night there.”
“There is no night there.”
Short here the day;
So much, so much
To do alway.

“There is no night there.”
“There is no night there.”
Here despite cost
To us, to us,
Our friends are lost.

“There is no night there.”
“There is no night there.”
Our loved regain
In heav'n, in heav'n,
And no more pain.

IN THE FIELDS.

COME little children, come out with me,
To have a walk o'er blossoming lea;
And find the good that is hidden there:
Come out, come out, for the day is fair.

Do you think you'd ever learn to sing
Song so sweet as the bird on the wing?
Was ever a bed so soft and sweet
As velvety grass beneath our feet?

Was ever a face so sweet as this,
Of wayside bloom that the sunbeams kiss?
Can you learn in haunts of books or men
The wisdom taught by the busy wren?

Let us sit here 'neath these shady boughs,
And study the brook and wading cows.
Was ever a scene so brightly dressed,
Or ever a spot of sweeter rest?

When the cares of life in future years
Shall weigh you down and you're near to tears,
Go out in the fields of fragrant sod,
Go out in the fields and talk with God.

THE CITY.

CITY, with your moil and din,
Never ending throngs and sin,
Think you gilded domes compare
With wide fields and country air?
Ghastly faces in your halls
Where the thoughtless maiden falls:
Knowing then, but learned too late,
Stern remorse henceforth her fate.
Cold and hunger all about;
Some but counting pennies out
For a scanty bit to eat
Or a cover for the feet.
Forms so young but weary, bent,
To foul lust and greed are lent.
That the rich may ride and smile,
And with pleasure time beguile.
Files the great procession by,
Hurry, scurry, on they fly.
Innocence, with love of gain,
And the minds of darker stain,
Limp the halt, the maimed, the blind,
Some are cruel, some are kind.
Some are on a mission bent
Of high purpose and content.
Others plan a wicked lie
To some character belie;
Tired ones so weary grown,
Scarce can keep the lips from moan.
Eyes all bright with tear-drops blink,
And the bleary ones of drink;

Side by side forever plod,
Of their fate none know but God.

Nay, nay, City, all your wealth
Cannot buy sweet rustic health;
Nor your busy, noisy looms
Catch one breath of clover blooms.
Let who will walk o'er your streets
Clothed in all the vain conceits,
I would seek the country's balm,
There to dwell in Nature's calm.

MARCH.

GRUFF, gaunt, old March you've the tenderest heart,
Spite of your gruesome roar:
You stir up the roots of the greening shoots;
For Spring open the door.
Rage if you please, shake the trees,
I'm smiling to your face.
You are not mad, only glad—
Your heart is full of grace.

Some people I know, such deception show,
You would think their heart lead;
But 'neath the seeming a heart is dreaming
By love's sweet waters fed.
Stamp, if you will, down the hill,
Beat the door with your fist,
Some roses, and more posies,
I know that you have kissed.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE Old Year bows his head in grief:
 Hoary head, like a ripened sheaf.
His sands of time so nearly run.
His work forever almost done.
He thinks of youth, when young and bold,
 He fared forth for treasure and gold;
Of joys that seemed too sweet for earth;
Of love that gave to joy its birth;
He wove rich colors day by day;
Scorned the thread of the warp's dull grey;
Built bright castles of love and peace;
Dreamed of certain and sure increase.
Had faith in, trusted all mankind;
No room for doubt was in his mind,
But disappointment came to dwell;
Rang for youth the funeral knell.
He thinks of forms that he has slain:
 Of love dead on the dreary plain.
The cruel words, the keener smarts,
The blasted hopes and broken hearts.
The tasks but only just begun,
That wait the rising of the sun.
The days gone forever and aye;
 One that said not the tempter, Nay.
But hark! the bells are pealing now,
 While gory drops stand on his brow.
He hears the dancing, tripping feet,
Poems of joy the New Year greet.
The morn is here, the night has fled,
 The New Year come, the Old Year dead.

THE NEW YEAR.

NEW YEAR smiled o'er grave of the old;
The golden head, the young, the bold.
Dreamed he of a future of bliss,
And meditated quite like this:
"I'll fill my realm with joy and pride;
Banish sorrow, and all beside
That bring my subjects hurt or pain;
Shall have no blot, nor any stain;
No cruel words with their keen smarts;
No blasted hopes, no broken hearts.
I'll profit by the Old Year's loss,
And bear no heavy, dreary cross.
Fond friends shall never parted be,
And we shall see what we shall see."

He called his aides with merry ring,
Saying only: "I'm monarch, king."
Then beckoned with his sceptre bright
To each pluméd and waiting knight.
Each there advanced, commissioned he,
The while they knelt reverently.

"Dear Joy, I have much work for you;
Be sure that you be ever true."
To Cupid gave quiver of darts
And said, "Now mind, no bleeding hearts.
Faith, I need your ministrations:
Strengthen all these earth-bound nations.
Fond Hope, you, too, have much to do:
Paint the skies a roseate hue.

Soft Sleep, come to the eyes that weep,
O'er them thenceforth tender watch keep.
Riches, come with your wealth untold.
Fill deep coffers for all of gold.
I'll have no one crying for bread:
All shall be happy, healthy, fed."

He then advanced with haughty tread,
And to the knight of Pain he said:
"You, hard Pain, you may go, depart;
No one shall feel your bitter smart!
In my realm I need not you, Greed,
You, too, go hence, and make all speed!
Ye throng of iniquity all,
Flee, flee, before my wrath shall fall!"

The knights departed one by one.
There stood before him only one.
"And now, stern Death, I want not you.
Smiting all hearts, so fond and true:
Need you not in this realm, I say!"
And grim Death smiled, and went his way.

TO MY CHILD.

MY child, Strive to turn away thy heart from the things
That are seen; and to set it upon those
That are unseen, for all we see and love
Will fade away as a leaf in autumn.
But the unseen things of God will lead us
Ever toward heaven, where we shall meet,
And love forevermore.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

TO poets God gives perception
To know the bitter smart
That comes to friends along the way:
The tender, feeling heart.

It was not meant that I should be
So careless toward earth-wrong
As some who walk this way with me:
I have God's gift of song.

I may not hope to shirk the pain
God lays upon me here;
Nor keep from shedding for his child
The sympathetic tear.

The poets who have lived and died,
With Jesus all have wept;
Because God gave to them heartstrings
That symphonies have swept.

YESTERDAY ENDED LAST NIGHT.

YESTERDAY ended last night:
That battle no more to fight
Of yesterday.
Today, today,
To work and pray.

Yesterday ended last night:
Is grieving and fretting right
For what is past?
Today, today,
Build true and fast.

THE CARY TREE.

(Planted by Alice and Phoebe Cary in Ohio.)

GOING home from school, two little maids
One day found a tiny tree:
It had been snatched from its homeland glades;
Tossed in the road carelessly.

"Let us dig a place and plant the tree,"
Said they almost in a breath.
So with willing hands, and carefully,
They saved it from certain death.

They eagerly watched it thrive and grow,
And cared for it tenderly:
Because they planted and loved it so,
'Twas known as the Cary tree.

Long years they came to the spot of yore
That their loving hands had made;
To sit 'neath great boughs of sycamore,
And rest in the cooling shade.

TO ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

SISTERS of sweetest song among my honored ancestry,
The gems that fell from your prolific pens all
thinking men
Reverence. What joys had, or sorrows you endured
while here,
I know not; but this I know: You steadfastly lived your
best.

For God and right stood firm: with voice and pen ever ready
To speak for truth to the aid of sorrowing fellowmen.
Grant thy lovely mantle falling as you went to reward,
May have touched me, your kinswoman—then new-born
babe in arms—
That I, too, may by our Master's guiding hand, write
some great
And good thought that shall also live in some hearts,
uplifting,
Comforting, till earth's shadows flee away.

A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

HAVE you heard the wind's low murmur,
Whisp'ring, sighing in the trees?
Have you seen the dancing sunbeams?
Heard the droning of the bees?

Have you found a shy wild flower
Nestling in the soft green grass?
Have you seen the forms in Cloudland
As they swift each other pass?

Have you heard the song bird warble
As he flits from place to place?
Have you found a brooklet fleeing?
Did you see the squirrels achase?

O, the world is full of beauty
Everywhere you chance to look;
For a Power, living, mighty,
In his hand and molded took.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE.

AM I greater than my Savior,
Who was smitten on the tree?
Shall I shun the pain of thorn prints
Pressing down so heavily?

No, for me, as for my Savior,
Suffering while the others slept,
Is the cup of dark Gethsemane:
I, too, drink, for Jesus wept.

But in heaven near the Father,
Victorious now He stands,
And when I shall cross the river
He will clasp my trembling hands.

DOES IT MATTER?

WHAT does it matter if this world's sad,
Or sweet, or bitter, or bright, or glad?
We're only here for a little while
To suffer pain, or to weep or smile:
For soon we'll all go home.

Let's live our lives, be they bright and glad,
Whether they're bitter and dark and sad;
Let us bear the pain, enjoy the smile;
'Twill only last just a little while:
For soon we'll all go home.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

THE sweet, wild flowers nodding, beckon in the
springtime breeze.

The grasses wave like ocean billows, whispering secrets
To the shy and blue-eyed flax; the birds coo to the nest-
lings

Hidden away at its roots; hidden as best the mother
Knows from all fierce enemies. What means the
dark'ning shadows,

Suddenly obscured sunlight? Surely no storm is
brewing!

So short time since all was bright: the whole landscape
was smiling.

Why are the horses that were grazing peacefully and
the

Cattle—galloping now so wildly over the dim plains?

The grouse, ducks, geese and smaller birds, their feuds
forgotten, are

Crouching, and again winging hither and thither in fear.

Ah! What! the scent of burning grass comes to the nos-
trils, keen.

Too well we know the prairie's on fire. Yes, there are
the flames.

Miles of shooting, seething sea, mounting high, higher,
before

The driving wind, and men, too, flee, flee behind the
breastworks

Of fresh-turned sod: safe, safe from the greatest of
prairie fiends.

TO MOTHER.

TIS long, dear mother, since I've seen your face.
I was then so small, now I scarce can trace
Each loved lineament, and your soft voice,
Long silent, forgotten; I have no choice;
But I know that both, in those realms of air,
Have grown more lovely and divinely fair.
I could not wish you from that land of light,
To return again to my mortal sight;
And, treading once more in this dreary way,
To bear every sting of each passing day,
To labor again with those weary hands,
And to live once more a life time's hard sands.
To see your eyes fill with crystalline tears,
Knowing all earth joy is less than appears.

How oft have I thought of those days of bliss
That seem so long from that far time to this,
When I in sweet trust, would hold' your dear hand,
And dance by your side o'er the wayside sand.
I plucked dainty flow'rets to deck your hair,
They grew there abundantly and most fair.
You playfully called me your flower girl,
While I shook in glee every willful curl.
The tiny ducklings as yellow as gold
That every night we shut safe in the fold!
The ripe fruits we gathered in clusters red,
That grew out of reach just above my head,
And you bent loaded branches down for me,
While I stripped the luscious fruit from the tree.
I think of the hedge where the wild grapes grew,

So matted the sunbeams scarce could peep through.
And you shook your head at my mottled face,
Where crushed purple fruit had left ample trace.
The green meadow where the spring bubbled up,
And you filled for me my little tin cup.
Ah! no water since has tasted so sweet,
Nor sparkled so clear as that at our feet.
A brook sang down from the spring to the creek,
As if a sharer of joy it would seek.
The gravel shone out from its shallow bed
Where my bare feet touched as down it I sped.
Those happy, those innocent days of old,
O'erflowingly filled with a joy untold!
Never a love was so patient as yours
So tender, so true, forever endures!
There were bumps to be kissed, hurts to be soothed,
Small hands to be laved, and head to be smoothed.
There were times you taught me to hem, to sew,
While you hummed, "Flow Afton," sweetly and low.
The old rocking chair where I sank to rest,
With tired head pillow'd upon your breast.

That fair time was, O, so cruelly brief!
Why should a child be acquainted with grief?
It is strange that while your living face fled,
Memory still holds the face that was dead.
Dead! did I say? No, but fallen asleep;
So restful, so tranquil, so long, so deep.
Dear hands softly lying pale on the breast,
A look on the face that comes to the blest.
A flower all pure, and waxen, and white.
Lay over the throat as pure and as white.

Did you know naught of the tears that I shed,
When I knew long ago thy soul had fled?
I used to wonder when my prayers were said,
And lying lonely in my little bed,
If you could look down through those starry eyes
That twinkled brightly in the far off skies.
Did you know how I longed to be with you,
Far beyond that great dome of azure hue?
My way has been long and sometimes been rough,
Until I've been tempted to say: 'Tis enough;
And, though I have drunk of life to the lees,
I am glad to have memories as these.

If I knew you by my wish could return,
Could that narrow house with swift footsteps spurn,
I would not speak such wish, but all alone,
Would journey to you, where grief is unknown:
For what is there on this earth could requite,
For the loss of joys in that realm of light?

GOOD BYE.

SHE said: "Goodbye, and come again,"
And smiled me from the door:
Ah! little did I think that I
Should see her face no more.

The place is vacant where she stood,
A stranger's by the gate,
And lacking her the spot once fair
To me is desolate.

SOWING AND REAPING.

IHAVE sown, another reapeth;
What God gave was only lent;
Though I suffer, I would gladly
Be my Savior's instrument.

What I sowed another reapeth;
Yet, I know it is the best
To be sower, not the reaper;
And with God I leave the rest.

SOME DAY WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

THE mists of earth are gathered thick,
Obscuring all the land;
We darkly see, through suffering:
Some day, we'll understand.

Some day we'll understand just why
Our cherished one has died;
And why in truest wisdom God
Our fond prayers here denied.

Some day we'll understand just why
While we sighed others smiled;
And why the ruthless shaft of pain
Pierced here some little child.

We know not why some loved one dear
Was torn from out our hand;
We only know sometime, somewhere,
Some day, we'll understand.

A VISIT.

THE house is empty, barren,
Comes no sound of childish feet,
No faces at the window
Smile, the visitor to greet.

No shout of merry laughter,
No storming over the sill,
Within is gloom and sadness,
Without it is deathly still.

My little son is wond'ring,
As he closely at me peers,
Why I kiss his upturned face
Then he wipes away my tears.

THE LILACS.

VE been thinking all day of the lilacs
That grew by the old door-stone,
And tossed their cool branches in greeting
At my long gone childhood's home.

I can smell the sweet, sweet perfume
As I did in childhood's years,
When my life knew naught of sadness;
And my eyes no bitter tears.

Since then I've seen fairer blossoms:
Known scent of rarer bloom;
But none can touch the heart-cords
As the lilac's sweet perfume.

GONE HOME.

GONE to a better country,
Came to a fairer bourn,
Never again to sorrow,
Never again to mourn.

Found a land all glorious,
Left here the bitter strife
That comes to all earth's mortals;
Gone to a sweeter life.

Left all the cares and troubles;
No more sickness nor pain,
Never another heartache,
Never to weep again.

“AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.” Rev. 22:4.

WHEN God's servants here on earth
Shall lay their burdens down,
And for the heavier cross
Shall clasp the golden crown,

What rich reward awaits them
Removing trial's trace
The fulfillment of promise:
“And they shall see his face.”

GRAND TO LIVE.

HOW grand a thing it is to be;
To know the power, Life,
Responsibility for good
With wayside beauty rife.

To know that we to some soul shine
A beacon light afar;
To guide him o'er the sea of time
Where many breakers are.

Ah! should we let our light go out
That soul would groping die:
For oil to keep our lamp aflame
We to the Fount must fly.

LITTLE LAURA.

SWEETEST small maid of modest air,
Dark eyes and wealth of golden hair,
Pink cheeks kissed by the sunbeams fair,
A little rosebud.

Pouting lips framed for tender kiss;
Such forms were made for one to miss;
And so the child came just for this,—
The little rosebud.

“A little child shall lead them.” She,
Father, mother, do you not see?
Came to point the right way for thee—
Your little rosebud.

"LOW AIM NOT FAILURE IS CRIME."

LOW aim, not failure, is crime." When we have done our best
And failure crowns our efforts—
A most unwelcome guest—
Let us not be discouraged,
But try again to win;
Rememb'ring that low aim,
Not failure, is a sin.

UNSEEING.

A MAN with base and selfish mind
Sees not the sunset's glow:
Lifts not his eyes above the ground,
Nor sees the flowers blow.

He's blind and deaf to beauty round;
Sees not nor cares to see:
He deals but in the slime of earth,
And scorns the melody.

His only thought is gain and pelf:
Best way to reach some goal
Of seeming joy of worlding eyes—
Without a thought of soul

He lives as though this life were all;
Plans not to meet his God;
But tries to wring false pleasures from
A dry and dusty clod.

JACK FROST.

JACK FROST, you trace with your pencil of grace,

Over my window pane,
Fair ferns and flowers in fairy bowers,

And shady, winding lane.

I wish I'd wake when next you take

That magic wand of white,

To deck my pane with garlands vain

Some sparkling winter night!

You're a sharp young chap, though I set a trap,

I never see you round.

Must work with a will to the windows fill,

Yet never make a sound.

Where do you stay, Jack Frost, I pray,

When winds blow soft and low?

You're shy of the sun, always run

When he comes by, I know.

You're sly and cute, a mischief, to boot,

I'm sure by pranks you play;

But you look out, mind what you are about,

I'll catch you, Jack, some day;

But let you go by the fire's glow

And glad to loose my hold;

For spite of grace your pencil's trace,

You are extremely cold.

SUSANNA'S PARTY.

(Rewritten from a story published in "The House-keeper" in 1897.)

MEHITABLE JONES was a good buxom dame,
Whose husband, Samuel, was a trifle lame,
The twain, you should know, were good colored people
Who worshiped Sundays 'neath the Baptist steeple.

One bright day when Samuel came from his work,
For though, being lame, he was never a shirk,
He found Mehitable dressed in great splendor;
Light purple dress held with yellow suspender.
Susanna Sophrony Ann, their one small child,
Sitting stiffly erect lest her clothes git spiled.
The commonplace house wore a holiday look
With queer decorations in its every nook.

When Samuel all of this gorgeousness spied
He said he was took with a pain in his side.
But Mehitable soon put his mind at rest,
And anticipation underneath his vest;
For she said: "We is gwinter haver refast;
Sumptuous and scrumptuous, so the neighbors will cast
En'vin' admirin' eyes at wealls tonight.
Donyuh think our Susanna's a surenuff sight?
For Samuel, man, hitser birfday today—
Don't youall set thar and star so thaterway!"

"A party wealls gwinter have yere tonight,
And everything around yere gotter shine bright;
So put on dem close what's all checkered and plaid,
And don't you be settin' thar solemn and sad."

The children came soon to Susanna's delight,
And they played till Mehitable set the light
With ruddy shade in center of the table,
When it all seemed just like a fairy fable.
There in a great covered dish was turkey stewed,
Coffee, best, Mehitable said, ever brewed.
It was flanked by a massive watermillun,
With seeds just as brown as some of the chillun.
A pink cake all round, with ten small candles lit;
Susanna said she'd taste mighty soon of hit.
Mehitable Jones beamed at them each in turn;
Told little Jack Brown he would very soon learn
To use a fork well. She was standing close by
The end of the table when she heard Jack cry:
"Say! Look, Miss Jones, does youalls turkeys have
har?"

"Hush, hush, now you Jack, somepin done drap in
thar!"

The interrupted meal went quietly on,
And the birthday cake did not last very long.
Soon all the children went home happy, to dream,
After a monstrous dish of luscious ice cream.

When Susanna was safely tucked in her bed,
Then Sam to Mehitable sheepishly said:
"Is we, er is we not, done et Nanny Goat?"
(For fear of her anger at his heart smote),
Mehitable's eyes rolled as she looked in his,
And she solemnly answered: "We sho done is."

AT LAMPLIGHT.

WHEN the firelight's bright and the lamp's alight,
We children have a time;
Making great pictures, such wondrous pictures
Of things from every clime.
That time's best before we rest,
When all the shadows play
Upon the dim, ghostly wall,
And dance in merry way.

There are rabbits gay that we see by day,
But made with sister's hands;
And some chimpanzees fierce with eyes that pierce,
Animals from all lands.
Birds that flirt, and some are pert,
Others to sing and fling—
I think it is great, good sport—
Funnier'n anything.

THE BAD MAN.

HE was a great big, dark man
On a hoss.
I saw him first when the road
I went cross.

And he said, he said something,
A bad word.
I was jest a-standin' there
And I heard.

You see, his hoss shied at me,
Nearly frowned
The man right off his sleek back
In the road.

I didn't think that he would be
Skeered of me
I am such a little boy,
Don't you see?

That was an awful bad man;
Said a swear;
Told me I'd better git home,
Comb my hair.

I guess I got'er right there
By the road,
If some hosses do skeer and
Mans git frowed.

THE PRAIRIE LAND.

DID you ever stand at break of day,
At the feet of the rosy dawn,
Looking afar to the east away,
While sporting gophers chatter and play
On the plains of Saskatchewan?

Did you ever feel the cool, fresh breeze
That billows the prairie grasses;
Stirring the covers of lilac seas,
Wakens all smiling the crocuses,
As over their heads it passes?

Did you ever hear the prairie grouse,
As "cachuck! cachee!" in the spring,
They build their nest where the cattle browse;
Fashioning there a snug little house;
Cunningly hidden, grass-bound thing?

O, the prairie land, though all unknown,
And but just at its golden dawn,
By the wild winds tossed and overblown,
Has a tang and a charm all its own—
On the plains of Saskatchewan.



"On the plains of Saskatchewan."

LOST BABY.

I'VE lost my baby, somewhere, somewhere,
That wee, winsome tot with golden hair;
A little lady is by my side:
With a maiden's pardonable pride.
She adjusts her skirt and pats her curls,
For all the world like other vain girls;
Then with an air of queenly prelate;
"Please, will you tell me, is my hat straight?"
Yes, I've lost my baby, somewhere, somewhere,
That wee, winsome tot, with golden hair.

LIVE.

LET us not be calmly drifting,
While the days are slipping by:
Doing naught but idly dreaming;
Heeding not another's sigh.

Let us not be calmly drifting,
While the days are slipping by:
Losing all the gold of living;
All the joy that comes thereby.

There is much we may be doing
For some weary-hearted one:
We may show by truly living
How earth's race is rightly run.

Let us then be doing, loving,
For our own and others, too,
One life only here, we're living,
Let us live the journey through.

THE LIFE AND THE ROSE.

WITH dew on its petals, from thorns stripped free,
The rose is sweet when 'tis plucked from the
tree;

But only in crushing it wafts to me
The richest perfume.

Fair little hands clapped in glad ecstasy,
The babe is lovely, as it laughs in glee;
But 'tis only through life's stern reality
It yields its perfume.

LOVE.

LAID her away one drear autumn day
When Nature always grieves.
In a soft robe white I laid her from sight
In bed of yellow leaves.
Then o'er hill and sobbing rill
Returned I home alone—
And O, the desolation
In the wind's sighing moan!

She was dearest part of my loving heart—
I missed her everywhere,
'Tis hard to forgive, but harder to live,
When love is lost, so fair.
Again I sought the bed wrought,
With grasses overgrown,
And there with shy upturned face,
I found a flower blown.

THE RAIN.

THE rain is dripping, dripping down
From off the sodden eaves:
My hopes are falling one by one,
As fall the autumn leaves.

But cease, my heart, these vain regrets;
Fond hope will spring again,
As flowers smile, all shining, when
The sky has ceased from rain.

THE WIND IN THE TREES.

WHEN the soft wind coos and breathes,
And sets a-flutter all the leaves,
It soothes to rest a heart that grieves,
With touch of love.
'Tis then new strength the life receives
From heav'n above.

LIFE.

LIFE'S like a bubble, it quickly fades.
Rosy lights gleam midst deepening shades.
Beautiful, fair, it shines for a day,
Then with a breath does vanish away.

Sunshine and cloudburst, sorrow and song,
Springtime and harvest hurry along,
Year chases year, and day pursues day,
Thus 'tis we live and thus pass away.

NO TIME TODAY.

SOME day, sometime, I'll do a kind deed;
But I have not time today
I'll lighten the cares of hearts that bleed;
But I have not time today.

I'll write a letter to friends who wait;
But I have not time today.
Somebody's tears I'll try to abate;
But I have not time today.

I'll speak a kind word, give a bright smile;
But I have not time today.
I'll do many kind deeds after while;
But I have not time today.

O, friend, are you blind? There's time to spare:
You've plenty of time today;
And many stars in your crown there'll be,
If you'll do kind deeds today.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

ICAN bear the cross He gave me with a calm and
trustful heart:
I can tread the path of duty doing faithfully my part;
If I only but remember—flee away will earth's alarms—
That beneath me all-supporting are the Everlasting
Arms.

A VACATION RETREAT IN CANADA.

WHAT a sylvan retreat is this, after
The level stretches of prairie land that
Afford no sheltering trees from the sun's
Fierce rays, or sterner winter's icy blasts!
A garden of Eden it seems with its
Whispering trees! How softly the breeze sighs
Through the rustling leaves! Let man live for long
Away from these forest monarchs, he learns
How great, how lovely, how much to be prized,
Loved, are the trees, his life-long heritage.
The sparkling lake set like a gem of rare
Possessing, between the gentle bluffs on
Either side, crowned with shady wood and bright
Berries, interspersed with the shy wildling
Blooms, sloping gently toward the water's edge
A gravelly bluff covered with velvet
Carpet of greenest grass. At its quiet
Feet the lake that hides the sporting fishes.
Upon its surface wild fowl gliding still,
Again diving noisily, or stretching
Silvery wings to flash in the sunlight.
The blue vault of heaven hung with fleecy
Tapestry of clouds, bends caressingly
Above, and, at last, far in the distance
Meets setting sun in wonderland of color.

THE DOLL DRESS.

MY little child came to me,
And, "Mother dear," she said,
"I tried to make a doll dress;
I made this thing instead."

She held up to my vision
In disgust, a queer dot,
A white and puckered nothing
Compared with her first thought.

I saw at once her object,
And what she'd tried to do;
I gave her comfort loving,
Dispelled her look of rue.

I think my heavenly Father
Will smile upon me, too,
Reward me not for that done;
But what I tried to do.

HELPING OTHERS.

IF I can help another I shall not live in vain.
If I can help another ought I to flee from pain?
What matter if my pillow with briny tears be wet,
If on the Rock of Ages another's feet are set?
If I could help another I'd scorn to ease my pain,
Doing my sweet pleasure, while another's hopes were
slain.

IN MEMORY OF HARRY.

DO not grieve for him you love:
He is waiting there above:
Gone before to welcome you
When your journey shall be through.

He but left the house of clay
That you thought to keep alway.
He is at the trysting style
Where you'll meet him after while.

Gone a step beyond your sight,
And your day has turned to night.
Just entered a larger room,
And you stayed without in gloom.

But he's only gone before
To a fair celestial shore,
And is waiting there for you
Till your journey shall be through.

THE IDOL.

I MADE me a wondrous idol;
It was far beyond mere men:
I set it on a pedestal,
And I knelt and worshiped then.

With a crash that woke the echoes
It fell at my feet one day;
I saw that the golden idol
Was only a common clay.

ON MOUNT NEBO.

A LONELY figure stood
On Nebo's lofty height
Shading his wistful eyes.

Long there he stood and gazed
Upon the promised land
He might not enter in.

The gladsome, smiling land
Lay fair below his sight;
His mission was fulfilled.

God came unto him then,
And gave him perfect rest;
His pain at last was stilled.

SWEET PEAS.

FAIREST flowers, drooping bent,
Lovely all of form and scent,
Colors from the rainbow lent!

Who gave such frail blooms of grace,
Each a modest, tender face—
Sunbeams over all arace?

Only God gave forms like these:
Shades of light from sunset seas—
Richest dowered, sweet Sweet Peas.

LITTLE BRIGHT EYES.

COME to my arms, Little Bright Eyes,
Just leave for a while your play,
Cuddle your head on my shoulder;
I need you so much today.

You are so innocent, sweet one,
In my arms you nestling lay;
O, comfort me with your love, dear,
I need you so much today.

You've fallen asleep, my Bright Eyes,
Forgotten your baby play:
I'll lay you here in your nest, dear,
You have helped me much today.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

HERE are the rustling poplar trees,
Swaying loftily in the breeze:
Showing scars of the storms' fierce print,
And glossy sheen of sunlight's glint.
The house stands back from the main track,
Midst fragrant clumps of sweet lilac.
This old, old house has stood for years.
Tales it might tell of hopes and fears
A queer old house with two broad wings
So protecting. There the vine clings
As it did when I was a child,
Plucking flowers, while mother smiled.
Dear old house with its moss-grown wall!
Through other years the past days call.
I think of the rush of small feet,
The shout of joy, the cider sweet:
Butternuts brown, popcorn, (white balls),
Flickering shadows on the walls.
Christmas stockings hung in a row.
The hearth's bright fire and ruddy glow.
Bright summer days, flowers and fruit,
Creepy old garret, bats and soot.
Stirring, glad games of hide and seek:
Hiding there in the barn's dim peak
On downy bed of new-mown hay—
Frightened swallows flutt'ring away.
Sweet, ripe apples, gold tasseled corn,
Lowing herds in the early morn.
Childhood's Home on the hilltop's crest,
Those joys with thee I know were best.



"A queer old house with two broad wings, so protecting. "

CHRISTMASTIDE.

HEAP high the larder now, good wife,
For the time will soon be here
When children scattered far and wide
Will come home for Christmas cheer.

Bring the turkey from the barn-yard:
Bring apples, yellow and red,
Golden pumpkin pie and doughnuts;
We'll have a glorious spread.

But we'll not forget the Giver,
The One who died for us all;
While we keep his holy birthday
We will for his blessing call.

So decorate the Christmas tree
With the gifts for everyone;
And we'll not forget the great gift:
The loving, suffering Son.

FRIENDS.

THERE'S a shrine held sacred in my heart to each
and every friend.
Each chamber's fragrant with truest love and shine and
shadows blend.
There no scoffing one may enter in to desecrate the spot;
And the doors are all closed to idle ones and they open
not.

WEARINESS.

THE night is dark, my Father,
The pathwāy is so steep.
My burden's heavy, Father,
The day is long to reap.

I am so weary, Father,
When will my task be o'er?
I fear the dark behind me
E'en more than that before.

Hold my hand in thine, Father,
I have so weary grown.
Lead, guide me, keep me, Father,
All of the long way home.

“AND GOD WILL WIPE ALL TEARS FROM
THEIR EYES.”

NO parting from loved ones again
In the land where Jesus doth reign.
There will be for us no more pain
With God above;
Because for all men Christ was slain:
His gift of love.

He will wipe all tears from our eyes:
There will be no more bitter sighs:
All of earth darkness quickly flies
When we reach home:
For there no sorrow our heart tries
And none will roam.

IS YOUR SOUL ANCHORED ON GOD?

IS your soul anchored on God,
Or tossed about like a leaf
With every strong gale of grief?
Is your soul anchored on God?

Is your soul anchored on God,
With a sweet well-spring of peace
That bids the rough waves to cease?
Is your soul anchored on God?

Get your soul anchored on God:
While passing storms rend your mast,
Haste, ere too late to make fast;
Get your soul anchored on God.

Get your soul anchored on God.
Then your frail bark will not break
Though the storm does make it quake;
Get your soul anchored on God.

Get your soul anchored on God,
And when stern Death comes to you
Your faith will comfort you through;
Get your soul anchored on God.

MY NATIVE LAND.

AMERICA, my native land,
By staunch forefathers given;
Through hardships stern, through shot and
shell,
By war's fierce death waves riven.

We feel thy past though born too late
To bear our share of burden;
We know what storms have swept thy faith;
Enemies sought thy guerdon.

Thou fairest mother, just and true,
Triumphant after long years
Of trial, scorn, rebuff, revile,
And many sorrowing tears.

Thy arms reach out to bless the world,
Liberty's benign mother,
Generous thou, to nations all,
Who need thy aid, our mother.

Thou hast the love of all thy sons
Who are worthy of thy name:
The same blood flows within their veins
As did in the sire and dame.

If war should come, we trust may not,
Thou'l find thy children ready
To bear the brunt as pioneers,
And hold the old ship steady.

EARLY AUTUMN IN CANADA.

IT is a still and balmy autumn day.
The lagoon lies shimmering in the sun.
Along its marshy edge the huntsman tramps.
Off a-field the shocks of yellowed grain stand,
But a shade lighter than the russet grass.
Some sturdy white-fringed daisies are springing;
And there a modest pink rose hides among
The withered blades. Great stacks of hay like tents
Of battle, flank the creek on either side.
The prairie grouse chatter over the sheaves;
While the flocks of ducks circle gracefully
Above and soon descend to swim again,
The reeds bend protectingly over them:
They were reared, and the parent nest was here.
A quick, sharp report of the huntsman's gun
Breaks rudely, harshly, into our day dreams.
Shuddering, we see the beautiful bird
As it lies prone with a crimson-stained breast;
And again we are made to realize
That cruelty, as well as beauty, is ever present on the
earth.

APPRECIATION

DO not crush thy flowers today,
For thought of those in future or past;
These of today are just as sweet,
And then you know, they are all thou hast.

LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE girl with serious eyes
Down in whose depths a strange world
lies,
Looking upward so trustfully,
Tell me, dear one, what do you see?
Does the great weight of future years
Fill your child-heart with doubts and fears?
Or does all to you seem just bright,
Pure and simple, and kind and right?
How I dread to see sternest care
Vex your brow, now so smooth and fair!
So innocent you are and sweet!
Childhood's years will be all too fleet!
Will all this life for you be well
And sweet, or bitter? Who can tell?
If my life has known any thorn
That can keep you secure from scorn;
I am glad I suffered it, dear,
That you may smile nor shed a tear.
But, no matter how much I love,
Only our God who reigns above
Can keep you pure, as pure as pearl.
My little girl, my little girl.

MAKE YOUR LIFE COUNT.

DOES your life seem useless, vain,
Filled with naught but clouds and rain,
Ceaseless cares and bitter pain?
Make your life count for something.

Crush the pain that bids you moan,
Though from love or far from home;
Tell the Savior, him alone.
Make your life count for something.

Do not live in aimless way,
Selfishly from day to day:
In your work or in your play
Make your life count for something.

Live for truth, for God, for right,
Fight the wrong with all your might;
Dispel darkness with your light,
Make your life count for something.

Aid the needy in your way,
Be one's helper, guide and stay:
Do your best through every day:
Make your life count for something.

Soon your journey here will cease,
From all cares there'll come release,
And from sorrow sweet surcease.
Make your life count for something.

SONNET—TO NATURE.

IF health fail whom have possessed abundant;
Though age may come upon us unaware;
Stealing youth's beauty: making us less fair;
Honors we had craved are not redundant,
Disappointment's bitterness resultant:
Sorrow's heavy hand pressing down by care:
Despair unchained and coming from his lair:
Forsaken by friends—not too abundant—
Who, though we're heart-broken, seem not to care:
Lost all tender ties by time's swift flitting;
Yet all nature for us a smile will wear.
Though all else of earth is from us slipping,
Forever we possess her true and fair—
Our minds to heavenly thought uplifting.

GOING HOME.

FAREWELL, O, world, I'm going home.
Bear no more thrusts; no more to roam.
My soul at last will be set free;
Will leave this frail house joyfully.
I'm leaving, going all alone,
The way that other souls have flown.
And when I reach the journey's end,
To find a more than earthly friend,
No more canst thou bring charm to me,
Blest, happy in eternity;
No more canst offer ready lure
Where wounds find never failing cure.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

IS it a spirit lost in perdition,
Or a hope that came not to fruition?
Can anyone tell?

Perhaps 'tis some sprite to tease us tonight,
A merry, queer elf to sing of the light
Caught in a June dell.

Whether it sings a song that is merry,
Or a dirge that is just the contrary,
Can one ever tell?

KIND WORDS.

I'D rather you'd say kind words today,
My ebbing faith renewing.
Than praise my virtues when I am dead,
And flowers o'er me strewing.

I shall not need your kind words of love
When you stand by my low bed
With a solemn face and weeping eyes,
My heart will be cold as lead.

But now while it throbs in doubt and pain
Let me hear the words of love;
'Twill give me strength in the path of life:
Foretaste of heaven above.

MAHNOMONEE.

WITHIN a leafy forest glade,
Beneath the oak trees grateful shade,
With a carpet of living green,
And two small lakelets set between,
Picturesque teepees thereon stood,
Upheld by saplings of birchen wood.
Sweetest of all the maidens there
The Mohawk chieftain's daughter, fair.
Kindly was she to all around,
Down to the shaggy hunting hound.
All the birds knew the loving voice
That made her father's heart rejoice.
Meenahga, her fond mother,
For her aid would have no other.
Her willing fingers nimble, true,
All the arts of the nation knew.
Bright ornaments of beaded wear,
Tenderly fashioned she with care.
Lovely moccasins, useful, too,
For her father of gold and blue.
Delicate laces in patterns rare
She made for fine pale ladies' wear.

On a June morning, still and fair,
The chieftain Mawngotaysee, there
Sat before his small teepee door,
With its wolf skin carpeted floor.
Sat and pondered in thoughtful mood
Upon a rustic settle rude.
At his feet the great hound lolled.

Quickly upstarting as he called:
"Mahnomonee, Mahnomonee,"
Called the mighty Mawngotaysee.
Merry, dancing, came the maiden
With wild flowers her arms laden.
"See, my father, for the showers
We, this year, have many flowers."
"Very lovely are they, daughter."
Hushed was all the maiden's laughter,
For she saw her father's grave face.
Silent sat she in her old place
Down before him on the grasses—
O'er his knee her hand swift passes.
"Mahnomonee, Mahnomonee,
You are going far to leave me,
To a great school, Mahnomonee,"—
Stroked her hand upon his rough knee—
"You will study with the pale-face,
Then be teaching here your own race."
"Nay, my father, Mawngotaysee,
Do not from my home now send me.
Here I have the birds and flowers,
And the merry, laughing showers.
All the birds pipe notes to please me.
The squirrels come out to greet me.
And today I rode my pony.
All the cattle even know me.
Meenahga, my dear mother,
Will for aid have not another.
I am happy here, my father,"
Pleading said the chieftain's daughter.

"Mahnomonee," answered then he,
"Very hard it is to send thee,
But, my daughter, think of others,
Of the race, down-trodden brothers.
Give the women of your learning:
Let your heart be for them burning."

"But I dread the pale-face, father,"
"Nay, my daughter, nay, my daughter,
Very kind will they be to thee,
Else I would not send you from me.
Mahnomonee, promise bravely,"
Said her father now so gravely.
"Swear to me that you will come back,
Of great learning having no lack,
Teach the people here beside me,
Flinching not whate'er betide thee."
Mahnomonee, eyes upraising,
At the sky above her gazing,
Answered: "Father, though it rend me!
I will do so, Mawngotaysee."

There was not much preparation
As is custom with that nation.
When she left the heavens darkened,
And the birds sat still and harkened
For her voice, so blithe and winsome,
Sat in groups on spruce and balsam.
Mawngotaysee sat and pondered,
While the ponies round him wandered.
How he missed the merry laughter
Of his handsome, loving daughter!

Slowly, slowly, passed the hard years,
The tribute of their hopes and fears.
Mahnomonee, bright and willing,
With wisdom's lore her mind filling.
Many times had she set her teeth,
Hot rebellion her calm beneath.
The careless, thoughtless students there,
Of her feelings had not a care.
Others to her had been most kind,
Giving honor to heart and mind.
Mahnomonee, unassuming,
Into womanhood is blooming.
Many a young man glanced her way
As she passed by from day to day,
On her way to the great school, where
Greater honors was winning there.

The closing year is passing by,
Commencement Day is drawing nigh.
She must face the separation—
Ere she goes to teach her nation—
Of all the strange, sweet duties
Taught to her here, with their beauties,
Mahomonee a woman now,
With a true woman's thoughtful brow,
Has learned what woman ever learns,
Over a great love her heart yearns.
The Chieftain called him, "Great Teacher,"
Or when it pleased, "Mighty Preacher;"
'Twas he watched the sweet bud unfold
Into flower of perfect m'd.

He had guided the life and thought,
And viewed with pleasure the work wrought.
It had come to each as a blow,
Earth would be dark when she should go.

He thought of the time, form and face
Would there no more the classroom grace;
When his life should go on its way
Doing stern duty every day.
Then love would parley in his heart:
"Why should I and the maiden part?
We might shut out the whole great world,
And know not of the lips that curled.
We could go to a far country,
Mainmomonee, Mahmomonee!
Why, with high mind, learned and good,
Fairest image of womanhood,
Could I not with the truest grace,
Pluck this flower of tender face?"
Then reason would triumph again,
And he would resolve that no pain
Should force him to his lips unseal,
And such wild thoughts to her reveal.
Ah, no! her life and its mission
Must not fail of full fruition.

Mahmomonee, her battle fought
Through keenest pain victory bought;
With the Father of all races
Her hard burden now she places;

“O, Great Father, though it rend me,
I will go where'er you send me.
Help me to find my paradise
In the deep school of sacrifice.”

Mawngotaysee sat and pondered
While the ponies round him wandered.
Sat upon the old settle rude,
In a most happy, joyous mood;
For soon within the forest glade
With its vast wealth of grateful shade,
Mahnomonee'd be returning,
And his heart within was burning.
Meenahga with kirtle bright,
Since the earliest morning light,
Had been preparing tempting feast,
Neglecting not the very least
Of her Mahnomonee's liking,
In carved birchen vessels striking.

Mawngotaysee sat to meet her,
In accustomed place to greet her:
“My dear daughter, Mahnomonee,
Very glad am I to greet thee,
Proud am I of your great learning;
Over all our race am yearning.
You are come to aid the nation,
And have made true preparation.
Now you will live beside me here,
Happy, teaching from year to year.
Will you not, my Mahnomonee?”
“Yes, my father, Mawngotaysee.”

OUR LAST MOMENTS.

WHEN we are lying helpless,
The last grim struggle near,
What passing thought will comfort
Our last brief moments here?

Will it be the bright dollars
We've spent our lives to gain?
Will it be the thoughtless words
That some sad heart have slain?

Will it be fine equipage
In which we've glided round?
Our name upon a club list?
The title to some ground?

Will it be the spotless house
Too neat to be a home?
Will it be snowy linen?
Billowy lace of foam?

It will be kind words spoken;
The smile they brought to one
They had helped to cheer along
Till setting of the sun.

It will be dollars given
To feed some hungry child;
It will be the sunny home
Where happiness beguiled.

It will be deeds of kindness;
The smiles of joy and love,
That will bring to us comfort,
Hope of heaven above.

THE SCOUT.

I KNOW a roguish laddie,
As gay as gay can be:
He has such restless, small feet,
And whistles merrily.

He wears a trim, golden suit;
He is a scout, you know;
Every time he sallies forth
His staff must surely go.

He swings it in the air some,
And with it jumps—the Nile;
But I love this laddie best
For his bright, sunny smile.

THE FATHER LEADETH.

I KNOW not what awaits me over there;
I only know with loved ones I shall share
Heavenly beauties far beyond compare,
In the light of His countenance.

I know not when my call shall come to go;
Leave tasks that I have labored with below;
God wisely lets me not his great plans know,
Lest I should cease the attaining

Of some good work that I have still to do,
And knowing, thus might fail if I but knew;
I must have heart and hand with purpose true,
That I may be the Lord's helper.

I know not why he gives me pain to bear;
Unless that I may understand and spare
Another; by my sympathy to share
What I have learned through suffering.

But I do know that I must labor here,
And do my best the task that lieth near;
For the rest I must have no hind'ring fear;
All the way the Father leadeth.

BE UNSELFISH.

DO a kind deed and be happy.
Speak a kind word and know joy.
Forget yourself for a moment;
Think of another, my boy.

The happiest people always,
Are those who for others live;
Who have no time to be thinking
That some they cannot forgive;

Or this one, or that, has slighted,
Another has more than they,
And some one has but all pleasure,
Does nothing at all but play.

Think not of self, but of others,
Contented, then, will you be;
Restlessness quickly will vanish,
You will true happiness see.

Forget yourself, and be happy;
Remember others, know joy;
That is the key to life's treasure;
Try it, and prove it, my boy.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN the Northland of history,
The scene of storied mystery,
In the land of Laughing Water
Where brave Hiawatha sought her,
Among fair summer vine-clad hills,
The sunny home of sparkling rills,
Midst the rock-thatched glades and hollows
That the gentle shower follows,
Where the bright song birds skim o'erhead
The streamlets sweet with springs are fed.
As a life at its beginning,
Knowing naught of ruth or sinning,
Easily guided, lightly led,
And helpless, too, when all is said,
In a green dale so sweetly still,
Once there was born a baby rill,
A tiny thing of joy and love,
A purling, cooing, gentle dove.
As a child grows up to schooldays
Losing all its baby cute ways,
So, too, the rill soon widens, grows,
Like a silvery band it flows,
Glad'ning all the soil and verdure,
Giving them its joy and nurture:
Wid'ning, wid'ning, swift it dashes
Over jagged rocks it splashes;
Rollicks singing, careless, carefree,
O'erjoyed at freedom and glory
Of the world, so vast and so fair,
And risking all its depths to dare.

The great trees laugh and clap their hands,
As the stream journeys through the lands.
The grasses tremble at its brink
When its dimpled hands rise and sink.
The breezes touch with love its face;
Upon its brow trace lines of grace.
So many rills have fed the stream
Its narrow past seems as a dream.
Onward now a river's gleaming
With a wealth of life 'tis teeming.
Its share of burden now must bear,
The moil and toil of life are there.
Steamboats laden with food and coal
Over the surface glide and roll.
Pleasure boats, too, of light and song.
Follow the river's steps along:
Men and women and children, too,
Sailing o'er the pathway of blue;
Seeing great bluffs on either side,
Dame Nature her handiwork tried.
O'erhanging cliffs of solid rock
Seem to threaten the path to block.
Banks of low shrubs all softly green,
Monarchs of ages, grow between.
Ferry boats slow, with whistles shrill,
Troll back and forth with loads at will.
The fisher folk with sail or boat,
In fair weather ever afloat;
Keeping away from foam like milk,
Tracking steamer as skein of silk.
The river widens as it goes,

Deeper, darker, more swiftly flows,
On each shore a vapory mist,
Glowes the sun's rays of amethyst
Gulf-stream outreaches arms of might,
And weds the river at first sight.
In beginning as baby life,
Knowing nothing of stress and strife.
As life in its journey along
Burdens and cares, and merry song.
At length to the gulf stream wending,
As life in majesty ending.
Swallowed at last in a great sea,
As we enter Eternity.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

WE seem to forget, and do not forget,
The friends who are dear to us here:
May try to forget, but think of them yet,
The dear ones we truly revere.

We're sometimes consoled, at least partly so,
By new faces, new scenes, new smiles,
But love will return though 'tis smothered low,
And its object is distant miles.

Let's not be alarmed if we've won some heart
That is great, and is true, and brave,
Our image will be engraved in that heart
Till it throbs its way to the grave

KEEP BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

FILL your minds with thoughts of beauty,
Little children, every day;
Crowding out all wrongful thinking
That might clutter there the way.

I have noticed that all children
Who keep secret thoughts of sin;
Ne'er attain to highest places,
Nor the love of others win.

True happiness does not harbor
In the heart of wilful sin;
Sweetest joy comes not from outward;
But is only found within.

Children's minds are like the gardens
That are round them everywhere;
Will you let sin's weeds possess it,
Or plant seeds of flowers there?

MAY.

SUNNY MAYTIME, merry Maytime,
With song birds atilt on leafy tree;
Lovely Maytime, sunny Maytime,
On thy brow a golden argosy.

Fairest Maytime, brightest Maytime,
In thy youthful dress a symphony;
Sweetest Maytime, fleetest Maytime,
Too soon wilt thou be a memory.

LITTLE WOMAN.

A LITTLE woman's in the house today,
Almost as wide as tall;
She wears mammoth red hat, and trailing skirt;
And has a smile for all.

She knocks at my door, this dear little one,
Then with a bow profound,
She enters my chamber, trips o'er the floor,
Smothers me with a bound.

I squeeze her and hold her close in my arms,
Little old woman sweet,
While the big trailing skirt, so long and wide,
Hides both of her small feet.

But she quickly leaps down, scampers away,
Loudly slamming the door;
As she bids me goodbye, with laughing eye—
Little woman of four.

AFTERMATH.

SHE looked in surprise at my tender touch,
The one who had suffered so much, too much;
Still she smiled sweetly with no bitter wrath:
“I'll rise and will gather the aftermath.”

I saw her again after long, dark years,
With eyes that were weary with unshed tears:
She pitying said: “In thy hand what hath?”
Then: “Friend, for thee, too, is the aftermath.”

WRITE ABOUT ME.

COME, write for me a sweet, sweet song,"
"Twas thus a loved one said to me,
"And make it not so very long,
But write about your love for me.

"You know we thought our love would be
A flow'ry something all the way;
Like famed cargoes of ships at sea,
Are always coming back some day.

"I think our love will blossoms bear
When we are met on yonder coast;
The sweeter joys of heaven share—
Shadowy here all things at most."

"Shadowy here, I grant it, dear,
Yet love has cheered me all the way;
And without it 'twere desert drear:
I need the love, dear, most today."

THE TWO GLASSES.

TWO glasses stood on the sideboard wide,
Each filled to the brim and side by side.
One of the twain held ruddy wine bright;
The other, pure as morning sunlight.
The water asked in his quiet way:
"What are your plans for spending the day?"
The wine looked with pride upon his dress:
"Break a few hearts, I think, more or less;
Shine in the cup and deceive mankind;
Befool the workings of someone's mind.
I'll make some puppet obey my will:
Lose for some man another's good will.
I'll glow so brightly a child will taste;
Make of its future life a dull waste.
I'll show the keen man with will so strong,
I'm his master and make him do wrong.
Get firm hold of the fool that teases,
Who brags he can stop when he pleases.
Then I'll take some lovely woman's lips
And just teach them how to take small sips.
Some will say they were made to be pure;
But I will sully them with my lure.
Many a one will I teach to drink,
Then hurl them down over hell's dark brink.
I'll take them, too, when by child lips kissed,
By chains upon their delicate wrist.
I'll bind them with bonds they cannot see,

Until they are all good slaves to me.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! laughed the fiend in glee,
Many of them will I have for me.
How, may I ask, will you spend the day?
I'm sure it will be in humble way."

"Perhaps you are right, Sir Ruddy Wine,
But let me tell of subjects of mine.
I go to some lips blighted by you,
Teach them the pure things of life anew.
I go to the one whose brain you befool,
With a purer taste that brain I'll cool.
And when some woman falls in the street,
With gentle touch, I'll help to her feet.
I will bring health to all of mankind;
Bless many souls you never can blind.
In the streamlet's bed I'll sing a song;
And never teach one soul to do wrong.
I'll turn the ponderous mill wheel round
With the busiest, merriest sound;
I'll grind out the grist for hungry men;
And peace I'll send home to their children.
I'm stronger than you, for right is might;
No one shall say I brought to them blight."

Still the twain stand on the sideboard wide;
Each filled to the brim and side by side.
Which one will you have, my friend, I pray,
For your companion throughout the day?

NOBODY KNOWS.

HAROLD loves sweet, brown-eyed Helen—
But nobody knows it, of course.

Helen in turn loves dear Harold—
But nobody knows it, of course.

He happened to stroll down her street;
Just happened, just happened, you know,
And Helen happened to meet him—
She was heard to say it was so.

They gazed into each other's eyes,
Forgot the world and passersby,
And spoke in low, sweet tones and blushed;
Blushed, with many a long-drawn sigh.

Some day they will surprise their friends,
Tell them the wonderful secret;
But for the present, blissful time,
They have vowed that they will keep it.

They're planning a home in future—
But nobody knows it, of course.
Dreary existence separate—
But nobody knows it, of course.

MONEY IS GOD.

MONEY is God in the world today:
If you lack it, get out of the way.
Everyone's after the fickle god;
Get out of the way, troublesome clod.
You may lack decent shoes for your feet,
May never have had good food to eat;

You may even be out of work, ill,
But nobody has for you good will.
You think you're not of all friends bereft?
Owe a dollar and find you are left.
You may be honest and do your best,
You get out of the way with the rest.
No one has use for poverty's ploy:
Get out of the way: money is god.

If you have money, or act the part,
You come right near to everyone's heart.
All hands are held out to welcome you.
Everybody is your friend most true.
Come on, come on, hail fellow well met,
You've something everyone wants to get.
Profoundly they bow (if poor they'd nod),
Money today in the world is god.

THE OLD HOME.

A N old house, an old well, a quiet place to be,
A green yard, shady yard, a blooming locust tree.
My childhood's home is calling, calling, calling me.

Old barn, the cooing doves, an airy grapevine trim,
Flower bed, briar bush, the orchard cool and dim,
Russet tree, Maiden's Blush with knarled and broken
limb.

Old brook, tinkling brook, the spring just under the hill,
The green corn, waving corn, the meadow sweet and
still,
The kind birds, the bright birds, the birds with rippling
trill.

Call me; and I'm longing to be again at rest:
To know no care or sorrow as when my feet pressed
In childhood's happy hours dear Nature's kindly breast.



"The old barn, the cooing doves."

SHALL IT BE?

OF me shall it be said, when I am dead,
And friends look on my face;
"She had a good heart, helped me when in need;
Her life was full of grace?"

If such kind words be said when I am dead,
"Twill tribute be enough;
Whom, then, could regret the long weary way;
The path that had been rough?

DARK DAYS.

THE days of adversity, of disappointment,
How long they seem!
And the brightness of the lining of these clouds,
We do not dream;

So, when the warm sun of clearer, fairer weather
Bursts through the gloom,
We are surprised shade has developed character,
Not been our doom.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

THE autumn wind is blowing,
And o'er the ground is sowing
A shower of sere, dead leaves.
The sun is sinking slowly,
Bathing the heavens wholly,
And the fields of golden sheaves.

And when my life be ended,
The shade and shine all blended
In one harmonious whole,
O, may the Light all glorious,
O'er sin and death victorious,
Bathe in beauty all my soul.

GOD REIGNS.

TOMORROW never comes, my friend,
Today we live and love;
We need not fear the path ahead;
For God reigns, there above.

He knows how fierce the battle is,
Will help us win today;
Then let us leave our tomorrows
With him, dear friend, alway.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

EACH day we're painting pictures
To hang on memory's wall;
Some that are crude, misshapen,
And some not unlike a pall.

There are the forms of evil,
With the faces gross and mean,
And soon we would efface them;
That no more they might be seen.

And some are sweet with promise,
With a touch so wondrous bright,
They fill the heart with gladness,
Transfigure the face with light.

There are some forms of angels,
With soft lines of grace and love;
A golden halo round them,
The innocence of a dove.

Whate'er the pictures painted,
They will hang while life shall last
On mem'ry's wall unfading,
Unchanging, enduring, fast.

SONNET—TO BEAUTY.

TIS a curse to be endowed with beauty,
As history has proven o'er and o'er,
Better far to possess mind of duty,
And wish to be beautiful nevermore.
We remember unhappy ones of yore
Who were thus endowed. One a queen of Scots
Of whom we all have read in Scotland's lore;
And ever to its shame the white page blots.
It was, and is, always so, red blood cloths
'Round fair threats that for beauty praises win;
Exceptions none, from palaces to cots—
For a caprice was murdered Ann Bolyn.
Ah! much beauty has full many a sting
And to one who has it a curse 'twill bring.

Is't a curse to be endowed with beauty?
O, never believe it, it is not so!
For when coupled with a mind of duty,
All earth's highest joys one is sure to know;
And from that soul to others good will flow.
God has blest all nature with beauty rare,
Made the blue of heaven with grandeur glow.
No, no, 'tis no curse, if good, to be fair;
Else why does he clothe thus the peach and pear?
Much beauty may be shining mark for sin—
Suffer? Surely 'and full many a care:
But think of good done the souls it may win
From the path of sin to the narrow way,
Leading onward, upward, to perfect day.

WHEN SANTA COMES TO TOWN.

OH, the jolly time and the holly time,
When snows the trees bow down;
I am just the boy, full of Christmas joy,
When Santa comes to town!
Whistles shrill my brain will fill,
My heart will beat, I say,
When I know Santa's coming
In clipping reindeer sleigh!

Oh, I'll shout and sing and I'll have a fling;
Stand on my head, no doubt—
I'll work with a will the wood-box to fill;
Never take time to pout.
Santa has snap, likes a chap
Who does his best, you know;
I mean to hustle, I do,
What if the wind does blow?

When old Santa says: "Whoa!" just see me go
Under the quilts from sight;
For, don't you know, that he never will go
Where eyes are peeping bright?
I'd like a whack at that pack
With moonbeams prancing down!
Oh, I'm the happiest boy
When Santa comes to town!

When it has turned light and shadows affright
Vanish away at last,
I'll run for my sock and everything knock,
Blow a thundering blast!
Surely a horn Christmas morn
May make the echoes ring—
I'll be full of Christmas joy,
Happy as anything!

SUSAN JANE.

I HAVE such a dearest dolly,
Her name is Susan Jane.
I tooked her in my loving arms,
And singed to her adain.

I'd singed that song a lot of times
Until I was so hoarse;
And then I asked her what she wished;
"Sing it adain, of course."

That's what my baby brother says,
When mamma sits to rock
Him in her arms at bedtime nights—
Hangs up each little sock.

So it surely must be 'spected
That Susan Jane would say:
"Please, sing that song adain, adain,
And sing it the same way."

THE STRAY CAT.

ONE night I said to mother:
I hear a kitten mew.
O, may I go and bring it
In from the dark to you?

She answered: "Yes, my darling."
I brought it to the light;
Its ears were frozen sadly—
A very cruel sight.

There by the fire I warmed it;
Gave it some toasted milk;
Stroked its soft fur, all glossy,
It shone, as coat of silk.

She seemed so very happy;
And purred, and purred, and purred;
I told her that I loved her;
She understood each word.

And so she lived at my house,
And grew quite plump and fat;
She made the mice just scamper;
We never saw a rat.

The best is yet to tell you;
One day dear puss I found
With two such darling babies,
So small, and cute, and round.

One black and white as pussy,
The other one all grey;
And very soon the darlings
Could run, and jump, and play.

We named the black and white one
Fluffy; she was a dear!
The grey one was called Thomas,
And he was just as dear.

Those two are larger really
Now, than that dear old cat;
And she's as proud as can be
When they lie on the mat.

Thomas will play dead for me,
And each will ride a box;
Pussy sits and looks and purrs;
Jumps in the chair and rocks

Do you wonder I love them,
(They are a lovely sight),
And bless that far-away time
When I found puss at night?

THE FAIRY.

A FAIRY once lived in an old brown shoe,
Like the woman that didn't know what to do
With the children that overran the place,
From top of the tongue to its farther base.
But this good fairy lived quite by herself,
And slept atop of her own pantry shelf.
A hole in the toe made an entrance way,
And furnished a window when it was day.
A striped spider drew her golden chaise,
For other small fairies' envious gaze.
He draped her house from the top to the toe,
With tapestries rare that in sun would glow.
One day this fairy was riding about
When she saw a child just ready to pout;
Then the fairy smiled in such loving way
That the little one laughed and went to play.
And what do you think? the very next day
The good fairy gave her some gold, they say.
And once a naughty little boy sat down
'Side of the road with a terrible frown.
That gentle fairy was there in a trice,
And soon the boy's face was happy and nice.
And once a poor woman was ill in bed,
When the fairy came and her table spread
With things lovely for such sick ones to eat;
Arranging it all so quiet and neat.
Many others had cause to bless the elf
Who slept atop of her own pantry shelf.

MILKING THE COW.

JOSHUA sat in his easy chair,
With a most sedate and serious air,
Maria sat opposite to him,
Knitting and humming a dirge-like hymn.
At length he took from his parted lips
The pipe from which he'd been taking sips.
"Maria," said he, "I've been readin'
A thing that may be some misleadin',
Yet it seems a likely sort of tale,
And if we try it, it can but fail.
Now, listen, Maria, while I tell
The argiment the writer knew well.
He said that this here domestic cow
That often makes a terrible row
Simply for lack of judicious care,
Or a tender stroking of the hair,
Might be made a different creature
If we'd adopt the concert feature.
You sing a tune that is sweet and low,
Then that precious milk is bound to flow.
The mind excited in pleasant way
Makes milking time a pleasure, they say.
I know, Maria, I'm no singer,
But you, my dear, are sure a winger;
So when tonight I milk old Muley,
(You know she is a bit unruly),
Put on that bunnit tied up with strings,
And sing for her low, some hymns and things.

As the old hall clock struck half past six,
Joshua said: "Come, Maria, fix
Yourself in quiet, invitin' dress;
We will give Muley the tunes, I guess."
The cow saw them coming, wond'ring eyed.
That changed to doubt when the bonnet spied.
Gently stroked Joshua the soft hair,
Assuring her she'd have tender care.
Then Maria sang her hymns and things,
While the wind frolicked with bonnet strings.

Whether Mul was displeased with the air,
Or was o'erjoyed from excellent care,
Quite sure it is she bellowed and roared;
In quarter mile race would surely scored.
When Joshua rose in a dazed way
From his two hasty drop in the hay,
Maria plucked from his coat the small straws
With many murmurs of oh's, and laws;
Till Joshua said: "Ri, you go knit!
This here's proof the fools ain't all dead yit."

THE HERD BOY.

HE was a little herd boy
With a staff.
He wasn't near to manhood grown—
Not by half.

His cheeks were brown as chestnuts;
And his lips
Red as the berries he found
On his trips.

The sheep grazed there by his side
On the hill.
Closing day hallowed the scene,
Sweet and still.

A tinkling bell sounded sweet,
As good-night,
He smiled to me when he passed—
Faded the light.

GUARD YOUR HEARTS.

SATAN has no happy old folks,
My children, ne'er forget;
For when the days have grown weary,
 Sun of life almost set,
The memory holds in torture
 The slaves of Satan's will;
For the mind has no rich treasure
 Stored, these long days to fill.

Cut off from the world's fair pleasures,
 Shut in with dregs of sin,
Aliens to their God and Father,
 The followers of sin.

So guard well your hearts, dear children,
 In these bright days of youth;
Fill them full with memory gems
 Of chastity and truth.

THE WARRIOR.

THERE the valiant warrior marches
 With steady tramping feet;
At his waist a sword he carries,
 From wide red belt so neat.

Hear that sword clash from its scabbard,
 And piping bugle call!
He is just the whole big army,
 Generals, bands and all.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

MY life has been swept by pain and by wrong,
Until I am grateful for one sweet song.
I used to scorn little, everyday things;
But now I am glad if a song bird sings.
I am glad if the sun but shines all day,
And if the children are happy and play.
This have I learned: Life is made of small things—
Then let us enjoy them ere they take wings.

HABIT.

STERN old Habit is your master,
Little children, let me say;
And the tasks he sets you, children,
Are the ones you do each day.

You can do the good or evil,
You may have your choice, you know,
May choose good and so be happy,
Or the evil with its woe.

Then be very careful, children,
That your deeds are good and true;
For stern Habit is your master,
Let me say again to you.

OUT IN THE STREET.

A WOMAN drunken, ragged and old,
Thrust from every door out in the cold;
Lying so lowly, out in the street.

No one to aid her, no friend to keep,
A sight that would cause angels to weep;
Lying so lowly, out in the street.

She once was as pure as lily bloom,
On a mother's breast in quiet room;
All so white from her head to her feet.

Now sin has blackened her soul and heart;
She seems of dust of the street a part,
From her poor, weary head to her feet.

No one to love her, no friend to keep,
And fallen there in a drunken sleep;
Lying so lowly, out in the street.

We must not judge her, we cannot know
What in life caused her to fall so low;
Lying there lonely, out in the street.

BLINKIE WINK.

A TINY, pinky, kinky mouse,
Was little Blinkie Wink,
He had the softest, silky coat
Of which you'd ever think.

But sad to say he did not mind
His mother very well,
And that is why this story sad
To you I have to tell.

Once mother left him all alone
While she went off to find
A dainty bit of cheese for him,
Or something of that kind.

She said to him just as she left:
"Now, Blinkie Wink, my dear,
I won't be long; I'll hurry back;
So don't you have a fear."

And then she said: "My Blinkie Wink
Must stay right here and rest."
But do you know, she had just gone
When he crept from the nest!

And when he sniffed the air outside,
He said: "Well, I'll be blest!
I think I smell some cheese myself."
He said he'd go, he guessed,

To find that smelly bit of cheese,
And help himself to it;
He didn't have to wait at home,
And he wasn't 'fraid a bit.

"If some old cat should bother me,
I'd bite her nose just good,
And show her cats can't run the world,
I could, and I just would!

"My mother, course, is very wise,
But I know some things, too;
I won't run every time I hear
An old cat saying 'mew!'"

He danced about and capered round,
Frightfully whisked his tail;
If his mother had seen him then,
'Twould have made her turn pale.

For course you know mice never know
Which way a cat may be;
The thing to do is keep near home,
About a step, you see;

Unless you are a mother mouse
And have to look for food;
If you're only a baby one
You'd better just be good.

But Blinkie Wink kept on his way
And had a gleeful play;
He said: "This beats staying at home,
I'll come again some day."

Soon he came to a round small house
With windows on all sides;
In those windows! what do you think?
Some cheese and cake besides.

He saw his mother's back in one
"Uhhuh, uhhuh, so there
Is where my mother gets her cheese
I like that, I declare!"

In one window popped his head,
Quicker than you can think;
And then, O, then, the thing went snap,
And caught poor Blinkie Wink.

HOEIN' TATERS.

DON'T set down an' mope, my dear,
Soon the sky's goin' to clear;
Sun will shine, now don't you fear—
Jest hoe taters.

Someone's set down on you flat?
Well, my dearie, what of that?
Go put on your garden hat—
And hoe taters.

Sure, I know this world's some sad;
Not much now to make us glad;
But, you know, it's not too bad—
Hoein' taters.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Two dear, little robin red breasts,
 Built a nest in the elm tree;
I stood 'neath the boughs and watched them;
 They shyly looked down at me.

One day I climbed to the tree-top;
 I looked in the nest so soft;
It was filled with bright-eyed birdlings;
 The mother chattered aloft.

She was watching kindly o'er them
 That no harm might them befall;
As God watches o'er his children,
 And cares for us each and all.

WHEN WE ARE PLAYING.

WHEN we are playing and mother is near,
 Sometimes she says: "There's a storm-cloud.
 I fear,
Hanging o'er your heads." I look and can't see
 Anything: I wonder what it can be?

I give brother the book, sister the toy,
I tell brother he's a good little boy;
Then I say: "We must not be contrary."
Mother smiles and says: "My missionary."

THE SETTLER.

THE watchdog whined and laid his head
Again upon his cheerless bed.
The settler ill and all alone,
Gave to his dog the last small bone;
Turned his face away to the wall,
Shuddering at the wolves' fierce call.

Long, long miles to the nearest shack,
Food and fuel the greatest lack.
The hut stood on the waste of snow,
Bare and bleak where the north winds blow.
'Twas cold, so cold, such bitter cold!
The gaunt, hungry wolves had grown bold.
Long since the settler left his door
To replenish his scanty store.
Many souls in that northern clime
Died of cold ere the warm springtime.
The watchdog sniffed the frosty air,
Shivering rose upright his hair.
The settler on the meager bed
Smiled; he was being warmed and fed
In far-off sunny Southland home—
No need had he therefrom to roam.
His mother smiled upon him there,
And stroked his glossy, flowing hair.
His sisters danced around him, too,
And one with tender eyes of blue,
Dearer far than any sister—
He'd not known how much he'd missed her.
Birds were singing a roundelay.

Hares were skipping about at play,
Grand old forests, and gardens fair,
All that he loved were gathered there.

The sun peered through the pane next morn,
And bathed with gold the room forlorn.
Where those forms o'er the bed had bent
Were garments only, stained and rent.

THE OLD MAN.

BE gentle with the dear old man
As he totters by the way.
His form is bent with life's cold storms
Of many a weary day.

O, give him of loving kindness:
He misses the forms of youth,
Long since passed from his loving eyes,
To the holy realm of Truth.

How he longs to see the faces
Of remembered ones of old!
The mist gathers o'er faded eyes;
He pictures the streets of gold.

So soon those tired, trembling hands
Will folded lie on his breast:
Be tender to the dear old man
Ere he finds his last long rest.

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

AND now sweet Muse, a word to thee,
Since done is present task,
But judge my work by my good will,
Is all that I can ask.

Just as one blind feels out the hue
Of roses by a touch;
So I have tried to find the song,
The melodies, as such.

And, if I've failed in loving task,
I ask thee to forgive,
And still to me be counsellor,
As long as I shall live.

MUTATION.

THE cheeks once rosy are pale today.
Those fair nut-brown locks have all turned grey.
Boys I once knew have sons of their own,
And the girls have daughters, now full-grown.
All changed and silent the merry band
That sallied forth o'er the smiling land.
Some are at rest in the city, white;
One there is, doomed to a sightless night,
Nature has changed, though in less degree,
And seems not the same that once knew me.

I, have I changed? Let me ask this one
Who knew me when youth was well begun:
Ah! I've not escaped the common lot,
For the answer came, "I know you not."
Can naught stay thy finger, youth nor clime?
Must all bear thy print, relentless Time?

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